

~~Security Information~~

The path to freedom

25X1X6

1. "Strange paths have led to freedom up to now, and one should not write of these paths as long as they are still passable in order not to block them for other people who are seeking freedom. But in the realm of the chicanery which the soviet regime has perpetrated upon free West Berlin, this path has been blocked. A deep ditch makes the road no longer passable even for civilians.
2. "A Soviet-German official who lived outside of Berlin was most anxious to move into the city, into the eastern sector of Berlin. He was sick and tired of the continual nuisance of his car. Sometimes the car didn't run, then again there was no gasoline, even if he had plenty of gasoline ration stamps. For his moving he not only needed a furniture mover, who as a matter of fact was present in the person of Mr. Pfundig and who indeed had a well-kept moving van, but also the necessary papers, the so-called documents to accompany goods. Without such a document [to accompany goods], one cannot even move with his own bathtub from one quarter to another in the Soviet zone. And these documents are scarcely to be had by the ordinary citizen, but such a Soviet-German official obtains them as a matter of course.
3. "So the 'big shot' got his papers, called up the mover Pfundig, and commissioned him with the moving of his furniture. He also handed over the accompanying documents, which he [Pfundig] might need even while loading the furniture, since in the Soviet zone anything and everything is controlled, not merely vehicles on the main roads, nor only on the border of the city of Berlin.
4. "With this job certain ideas occurred to the mover Pfundig which would not let him sleep. They always wanted to get his moving van, and naturally his workshop as well, since he repaired the van himself, and had previously owned several vans. But today he had only one, and they even wanted to take this one away from him. The mover Pfundig thought, if I take this paper, then load up my [workshop] machines first, as far as I can pack them up, and then put my household furniture in front of them, that ought to go all right and I should reach freedom, to free West Berlin. Pfundig stuck by his plan, and thought only of success and freedom. He put his employer off for two days, saying that the gas station wouldn't have gas until then, but he with his wife and daughter packed together all his furnishings and by night the workshop equipment, as far as possible.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~
Security Information

- 2 -

5. "In the very early morning it was loaded aboard. First the boxes with the tools, the motors, then the parts of the lathe, the compressor, the drill. On top of that came the boxes with the dishes and small pieces of furniture, and in front of them the larger pieces. On the trailer he loaded the remainder of his household furniture. Pfundig told his neighbor that finally the old things would disappear from the storehouse, and he was happy to get some room at last.
6. "With a pounding heart, he began his trip. The trip was not long, but right around Berlin you are examined by the Peoples' Police at each intersection. But Pfundig was lucky. He was stopped only once, and asked for papers. Nevertheless, when the Peoples' Police read the owner's name on the documents accompanying the goods, they almost jumped to attention, for the owner was indeed a leading Communist. At the border of the city, a barrier blocked Pfundig's way. On both sides of the highway were small booths, painted a brilliant red, and plastered with posters: guard stations. One for the Soviets, and by virtue of the 'German-Soviet Friendship,' one for the Peoples' Police. From each booth two to three men emerged. Pfundig did not leave the driver's seat once. He handed the accompanying documents out the window nonchalantly to prove that he was legitimate and was carrying out a normal transport. The documents accompanying the goods were provided with a statement of all the furniture, boxes and cases, and the Peoples' Police looked at each other dumbfounded: Should we inspect all that? But when they read the name of the owner, they then only opened up the rear door of the trailer and looked in. Then the mover Pfundig had to get out after all, for the Peoples' Police couldn't close the door and he had to shut it. The Peoples' Police disappeared into the hut with the papers, and after a while came back out with part of them and ...? They even wished Pfundig a good trip and raised the barrier. The Soviets the whole time remained quiet and disinterested.
7. "The mover Pfundig stepped on the gas, shifted into first, and after 50 meters he reached West Berlin, freedom: to the right of the highway, formerly Reichs route 96, came the first two houses of West Berlin, and to the left of the highway, the large group of buildings of the Birkenhang Sanatorium. Here no flags and posters greeted him, but here he breathed freedom."

Escape Routes

65-46.3

- and -

Germany

140 -

39.1, 32.1

TYPE ACT-DATE INFO-TFR-DATE AREA

- 52 -

DEC 23 1952

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~
Security Information